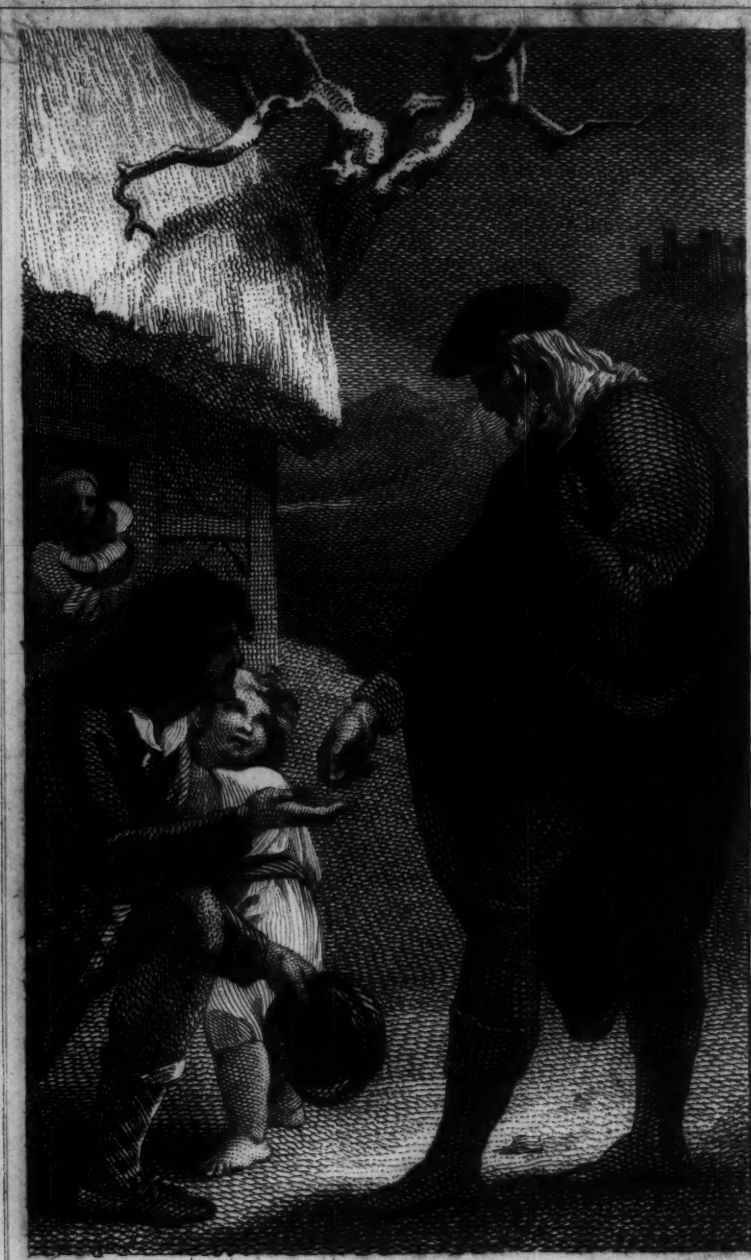


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K. POEMS,

CONTAINING

JOHN THE BAPTIST.

SIR MALCOLM AND ALLA,
A TALE,

Shewing to all the world
What woman's love can do.

WAR A FRAGMENT.

WITH

A MONODY

TO

JOHN HENDERSON;

AND A

SKETCH OF HIS CHARACTER.

BRISTOL;

PRINTED BY BULGIN AND ROSSER,

For J. COFTLE, Bookseller, High-street,

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P R E F A C E.

A CONVICTION that a detailed account of one murder, occurring either on the high-road, or on the field of battle, more interests the heart, and leaves on it a longer impression, than the general account of slaughtered thousands; occasioned the Author to introduce the Tale of Orlando and Henry in WAR A FRAGMENT; and while the reader sighs over individual destruction, he should remember that War is but another name for destruction in the vast: in every contest thousands of such

A instances

instances as Henry occur; sons torn from their parents, and fathers from their families, from the tranquil cot and peaceful dwelling, doomed to traverse stormy seas and desert regions, conflicting with difficulties and dangers, not to benefit, but devour mankind; probably without knowing the cause of the dissention, in support of which they hazard their existence.

This small volume is presented to the Public, not from a fond persuasion of its merit, but from a belief, that it is the duty of every man to raise his feeble voice in support of sinking humanity, and not to be content with thanking God, that he feels indignant at the enormities of war, without labouring to inspire the same abhorrence in the breasts of others.

It

It is this motive which induced the author to venture his puny bark upon the ocean of Criticism, whose inhospitable waves are strewn with nobler wrecks and bolder mariners : this urged him for a moment to leave the sequestered vale of Life, where he has been permitted to wander unmolested ; and where, from assuming little, he has become the rival of none. May the same cause continue to produce the same effect !

TO WAR A FRAGMENT are prefixed two other pieces. The imaginary tale of Sir Malcolm and Alla was first attempted in the language of the fifteenth century ; but the author, not succeeding to the extent of his wishes in the peculiarities of its stile, gave it its present form, by expunging the orthography and most obsolete expressions, though unwilling entirely to deprive it of the ancient character, it originally possessed.

It may be deemed rather strange, that one who has reprobated war, its authors, and instruments, should still, in one part of his volume, chuse a warrior for the hero of his piece : in order to combat this charge, the author hopes, that the sentiments expressed by his hero will mark him different from the generality of heroes, and that no opportunity has been omitted of introducing just and useful reflections ; yet, independently of these palliatives, he acknowledges Sir Malcolm to have been written prior to the establishment in his mind of those principles which dictated WAR A FRAGMENT, and which would now prevent him from associating with the military character those amiable qualities, which from their affinity with the virtuous heart, might tempt it in the ardor of admiration almost to forget the profession, from which they unnaturally emanate.

It

It has been the author's endeavour, in the War Piece, to give a faint image of that worst of scourges; which has too frequently desolated the world, converted the seats of comfort into the haunts of despair, and scattered wretchedness and murder over the fairest portions of the earth. It is not his intention to investigate the fancied benefits or concomitant evils of war in their possible extents, but to enquire if the benevolent mind can contemplate its horrors, without asking, with the energy of honest indignation, "wherefore are all these things?" Are men naturally so fond of shedding the blood of their fellow creatures, as to seek for pretences of so doing, at the hazard of their lives? or does it not proceed from the prevalence of that barbarism and ignorance, which, by contracting the boundaries of humanity, pre-

vent man from extending his arms to the inhabitants of either pole, and embracing all mankind as friends and brethren ? Where is the nation that was ever benefited by war ? Ruin marks its progress ; and the victories that have been blazoned through the world, from their attendant calamities, even to the victorious, have deserved no other title than splendid defeats.

The ages of chivalry are indeed to be regretted ; for, noble were the actions they displayed, when contrasted with the dastardly conduct of after times ; the Potentate of those days, in the fervour of resentment, bravely challenged his offender to a personal combat, and with the conflict subsided the indignation of the generous competitors ; but modern Princes, inheriting the titles of their ancestors, without
their

their princely spirits, shrink from the barbed dart, and clashing shield, and whilst yawning over their many-flavoured banquet, send obsequious subjects to fight their monarchs battles, and to bleed, and die, in supporting their capricious resentments, or arrogated authority.

If we trace the origin of those wars, which desolated the earth in the zenith of Roman refinement, or during the triumph of Gothic barbarism, we shall find them generally to have arisen from the haughty pride, or boundless ambition of a few individuals. Whether it was consistent with those laws, which ought to regulate mankind, that one man with his corrupt advisers should sport with the lives and well being of *a people*, by plunging them into wars, in which, from success, they had nothing to hope, and from

failure, much to dread ; those ages had not learnt to determine.

The peasantry of a country are unacquainted with what is termed the political interests of different states, and from their occupations, necessarily imbibe sentiments of benevolence; and yet, these are the instruments in the hands of tyranny for propagating war, and all its horrid consequences. Such will ever be the case, while the understandings of men are levelled with brutes ; while they are interdicted by ignorance from estimating the rectitude of their superior's actions ; and while the glare of artificial distinctions appears to lessen their importance in the scale of society, and prompts them to believe, that, like the Spaniel, they were formed, implicitly to submit, and not to judge.

What

What can be more repugnant to the spirit of humanity, than the contemplation of thousands of deluded fellow creatures, for some trifling reward, plighting themselves to obey one master, and that master a tyrant; following their Chief with spears and swords, to obey his pleasure, and to execute his mandate, by killing those, whose only crime, like their own, is that of submitting, to be led like sheep to the slaughter?

Why, ye peaceful inhabitants of the cottage, do ye destroy the happiness of your fellow cottagers, and perpetuate your own misery? Why do ye enlist under the banners of tyranny, and stain your instruments of death with a brother's blood? Know ye not that all mankind are brethren? the offspring of one common Parent, who has placed his children in this world in order to
prepare

prepare them for a better, by cherishing universal benevolence ? not by tyrannizing over, and like wolves, worrying each other, but by softening the incidental asperities of life, and by the interchange of kind and beneficent attentions. Remember, that with your proudest Lord you are equal candidates for immortality ; barter not your precious lives for a hard earned penny ; join not the horde of murderers, who are paid for murdering those, whom they know not, and whom, if they did know—— might love.

- It is possible, that the author's mind may be susceptible of higher indignation on the subject of War, from the circumstance of his having been an eye witness, on the Continent, of a part of those horrors which ever attend it ; the seeing of which, contaminates

taminates the mind; and the very hearing of which, imperceptibly petrefies the heart.

By whom is it that the most inveterate and destructive wars are encouraged? By Christians? Nay, not Christians; the spirit of War is opposite to that spirit, which the Divine Founder of our Religion came to establish: His doctrines are those of humility and peace, not of pride and contention. The author hopes not to incur the charge of inconsistency in the following observations, though their tendency may be different from the expectation of the Reader. It appears to him, that the object of our Saviour's mission, was not to extinguish the proper gradations of society, and suddenly dissolve the obligations of the bond-man, but rather from a well ordered administration of afflictions and consolations,

solations, to separate his affections from this world, and to fix them on an incorruptible inheritance.

Though he means not to defend the justly exploded doctrines of non-resistance, and passive obedience ; or affirm, that we are to relax our efforts to attain the good that is attainable, yet he is humbly persuaded, that amid the corruptions of Governments, and the revolutions of States, the true Christian will be distinguished more by resignation than turbulence, and will submit to the ordinances of man, rather than violate the precepts of God ; being instructed not to build his happiness upon any frail constitution, or his comfort upon any human establishment : he is told, that it is possible, in whatever situation he may be placed, therein to be content ; and that even the
aggravations

aggravations of a corrupt judge, or wicked ruler, may become the means of correcting his understanding, and of improving his heart, by enlarging his apprehensions, or affording him opportunities for the exercise of those virtues which the purity of his Religion enjoins. The first ages of Christianity were distinguished for unprincipled impositions, and intolerant persecutions, yet the primitive Christians found their way through them to a better Country; though despotism existed in its vilest forms while our Saviour sojourned on earth, yet his anathemas were directed, not against the errors of the Government, but the vices of the Heart; not that he palliated oppression, or justified the oppressor, both of which he came finally to extirpate; but in the glance of divine prescience, and by appretiating the efficacy of causes to effects, he said unto his disciples,

“ Go

“ Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel unto every creature ;” well knowing, that with superior benefits, it contained also the immortal seeds of Liberty, and the undecaying stamina of Peace.

In proportion only to the spread of Christianity will be the permanency of Peace; as it presents the only principle, which can effectually counteract the influence of pride and ambition, those prominent features in the human character : a concurrence of fortunate circumstances may transiently suppress that love of power, which intoxicates the rulers of the world, tho’ the subtle spirit will be ever ready to escape, and scatter over the earth its baneful influence : but whilst we ascribe these soothing or subduing properties to Christianity, we are not enjoined to suppress our indignation of tyrants, or abhorrence

rence of tyranny, yet, in declaiming on the poison, we should remember the antidote.

It is Christianity alone, which directs man to resign vengeance to his Maker; which instructs him to return good for evil; to love his enemies, and to administer unto their wants. The prevalence of this spirit would reconcile the contentions of men, exterminate that selfish principle, which is the bane of public and private virtue, and transform the inhabitants of the world into beings of a nobler order. Christianity alone is adequate to produce Peace on earth, and Good-will amongst men; its first annunciation was accompanied with a promise of these blessings; and though the powers of darkness combine to frustrate, they shall finally be accomplished.

It

It may not be amiss to inform the reader, that **WAR A FRAGMENT** was extracted from a didactic Poem of some extent on **HAPPINESS**. If the specimen given should be approved of, the remainder of the piece will probably appear in a second edition.

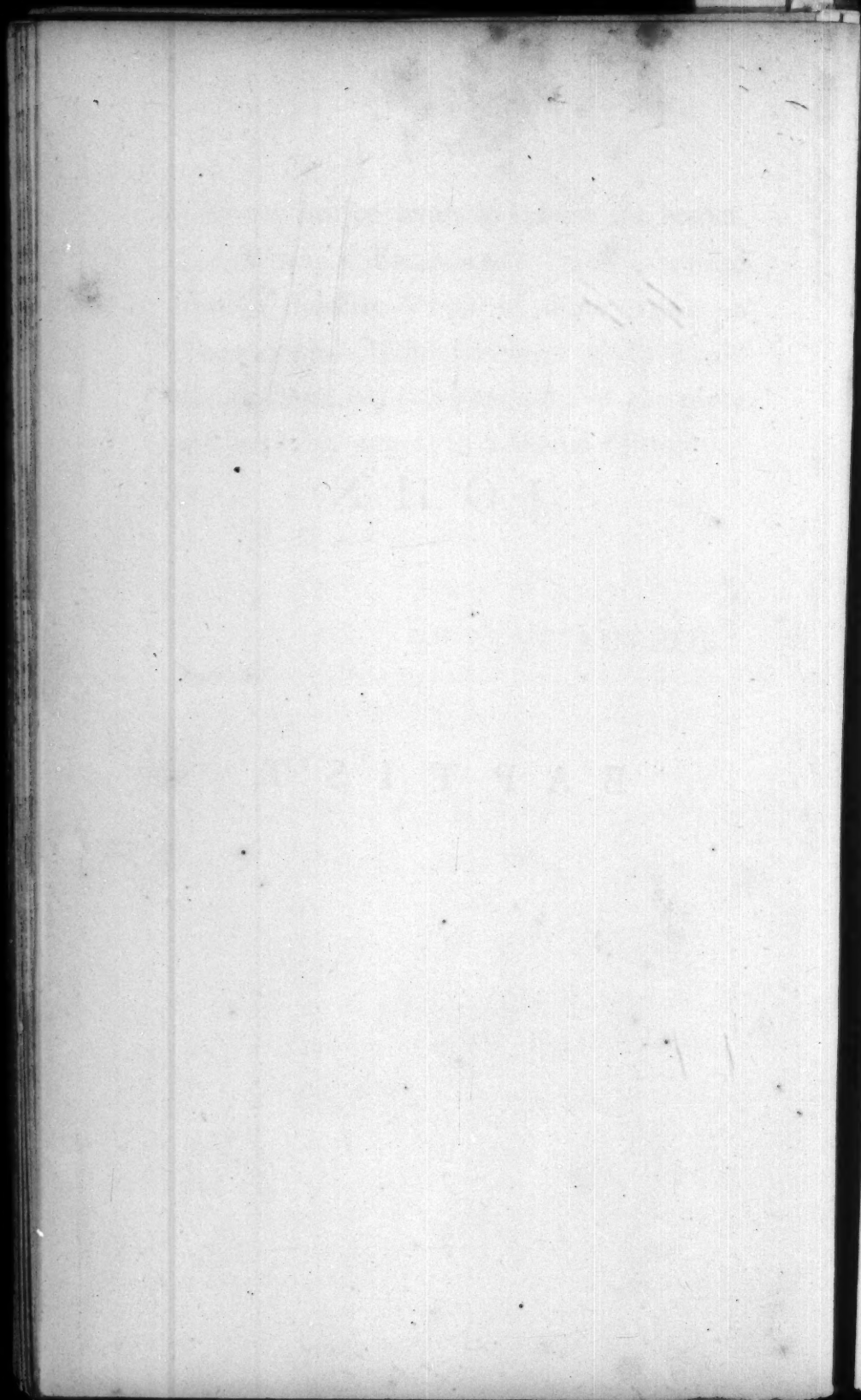
THE AUTHOR.

J O H N

T H E

B A P T I S T .

B



JOHN

THE

BAPTIST.

O'ER Jordan's wave and wild Bethabara's plain,
Where rocks on rocks in clouded grandeur reign;
Dark-shaded forests spread their empire wide,
And whiten'd torrents lave the mountain's side;
The Prophet John retir'd from mortal sight, 5
To bask at large in Heaven's refulgent light :

Around his loins a leathern belt he wore,
Of Camel's hair a shaggy vestment bore ;
Amid the foliag'd gloom he pass'd his time,
Or o'er the mountain crag essay'd to climb, 10
No silken couch or storied roof he found ;
A stone his pillow, and his bed the ground ;
No note harmonious swell'd the desert blast,
No costly changes lengthen'd his repast ;
The God of Abraham tun'd his mental ear, 15
The God of Isaac sent his locusts near,
The God of Jacob calm'd the angry wind,
And the wild honey taught him where to find,
Pour'd on his soul the ray prophetic, giv'n
To point to man the dawning path to Heav'n. 20

When fame had rais'd amid th' unletter'd throng
A wish to hear the heaven-born Prophet's song,

Borne o'er the fultry glebe and pathless wild,
The anxious parent and the wondering child,
Fill'd with celestial zeal he wav'd his hand ; 25
And thus with solemn awe address'd the list'ning band.

There standeth one amongst you, yet unknown,
The Eternal's Son, and Partner of his throne ;
Before the world was fashion'd into form,
And o'er the wat'ry chaos pass'd the storm, 30
His secret thought the ruthless winds obey,
He spake and darkness brighten'd into day,
Aspiring trees from sterile clods arise,
And Eden's richest fragrance fills the skies.

The heav'n-anointed Prophets oft have told, 35
What distant, favour'd ages should unfold ;

This is that age, behold falvation nigh!

Let every heart rejoice, let every tear be dry.

Long have mankind in pagan bondage lain;

Your race full long sustain'd a ritual chain; 40

Long has the soul in darkness pin'd away,

With here and there a solitary ray;

But now the sun of righteousness shall rise,

And beams refulgent burst upon your eyes.

Your fathers saw with extacies untold, 45

The joyful day your eyes shall soon behold,

By faith enrich'd, their opening views sublime,

With blooming years beyond the bound of time;

But now no longer cherish'd by a few,

Each thirsty shrub shall sip the heavenly dew, 50

From winter's storm-beat grave exulting rise;

And with new verdure hail serener skies.

Of whom I speak, soon shall you see him near;
No flaming God to rouse his creature's fear,
No potent Chief victorious arms to guide, 55
Born to controul, and nurs'd in royal pride ;
But in the promis'd seed, with aspect mild,
Your eyes shall greet the spirit of a child.

'Tis not to grasp the laurels of the great
Your Saviour comes, to blaze in regal state, 60
Kingdoms invade, and conquest's curses shower,
Nations to scourge, or fruitful climes devour ;
Peasants unwrong'd inspire with ardour dread,
To rob some distant peasants of their bread ;
But to condemn ambition's ruthless sway, 65
To tell mankind no more on man to prey,
To teach humility, bid discord cease,
And plant the seeds of universal peace,

These hands unworthy of so great a charge,
Dare not presume his latchet to enlarge ; 70
From the pure bosom of his Father, see !
(Wonder oh Heavens ! thou Earth astonish'd be !)
Assuming mortal form, the Prince of Peace
Descends to bid the powers of darkness cease :
To speak his might my tongue would strive in vain, 75
To paint his worth exceeds an Angel's strain,
Wide as created bounds his goodness proves,
Vast as the range of thought his Spirit moves,
From him the Pleasures run their smiling race,
And every joy which cheers creation's face. 80

Glance on the heavens above, the earth beneath,
See sportive life in forms ten thousand breathe,
Amid the sun-beam's warmth what myriads fair,
Charm the mus'd ear, or wanton through the air :

JOHN THE BAPTIST.

9

Say what untutor'd energy of thought, 85

This countless train of shapes to being brought,

All form'd to serve some separate end aright

Beyond the narrow verge of human fight.

Learn with delight through heaven's ethereal space,

What secret hand supports the feather'd race ; 90

What feeling heart provides a full supply,

And arms with piercing glance the vulture's eye :

That power first bade the plummy tribes appear,

That God supports them in their short career ;

From guiding comets round the orb of day, 95

From pointing storms their desolating way,

His ear regards the hungry raven's call,

His eye descends to mark the sparrow fall ;

To grant the vegetating world his aid,

To guard from ambient ill each rising blade, 100

Whose strains of silent eloquence proclaim
The power, which Angels vainly strive to name.

If nature's lower works your plaudit raise,
If finite objects claim unbounded praise;
Exalt your wilder'd glance to scenes on high, 105
Where Heaven's fair offspring charms the wand'ring eye.
See rolling worlds in stated paths abide,
See countless systems round their centres glide,
Stars ever glorious blazing on their way,
Or dimly clad in fancy's doubtful ray, 110
And these but atoms of that boundless whole,
Which ether sweeps beyond the visual pole,

Know ye, ye listening tribes, to what ye tend ?
Seek ye to know where life her race shall end ?
Count ye the lingering moments long, that bind 115
To earth's low confines man's immortal mind ?

This world unworthy you too highly rate,
A thorn-strew'd passage to a better state ;
The joys which vibrate now your raptur'd brain,
Compar'd with joys eternal, are but pain. 120

Let not the veil of sense your prospect hide,
Nor Satan's wiles from heaven your steps divide ;
Ten thousand mortal foes around you roam,
Ten thousand restless minds, who want a home,
An anchorage for their souls, whose tongues are led 125
To blast the narrow path, they scorn to tread ;
Ingenious trifles gain their thoughtless smile ;
The block that speaks, the shell that charms awhile,
The shrub that blossoms, and the stream that winds,
The bird that twitters, and the gem that shines ; 130
With glowing zest their ravish'd eyes explore,
But, the illumin'd spirit pants for more :

If only here, our short-liv'd steps remain,
If endless sleep succeed to years of pain,
Then will we seek our sorrows to beguile, 135
And count the passing moments with a smile ;
But, if ere long from little more than night,
Our spirits take their everlasting flight ;
Launch to some blissful hemisphere afar,
Beyond the full-orb'd sun and twinkling star ; 140
Or dwell where nought enliv'ning cheers the soul,
Where howling winds and deaf'ning thunders roll,
Where sick'ning mists and groans unceasing rise,
Where hatred reigns, and hope for ever flies,
Indignant lightnings endless as their doom, 145
In quick succession dart along the gloom ;
Ordain'd the realms to taint with sulphurous breath :
And light the dying gasp of vanquish'd Death :

If, through Thee, Life ! this fatal verge we tread,
If such distinctions hang upon thy thread ; 150
Far other thoughts immortal souls should sway,
And deathless minds far nobler calls obey :
But thoughtless man, to weak deception prone,
Fancies all lives uncertain but his own,
Or still more wild, pursues delusion's tide, 255
Owns the great truth, yet casts the cares aside.

Oh ! all ye listening tribes, who this to hear,
Have dar'd the Jordan wide and desert drear,
Think when a few revolving years are fled,
To death ordain'd, where each shall lay his head ; 260
When the scar'd spirit hovering o'er the tomb,
On distant shores awaits her lasting doom ;
Forc'd on the venturous surge to launch alone,
The vain hope faded and the strong heart flown,

The bleak winds howling, and the bark untry'd, 165

The ocean stormy, and the passage wide ;

O'er the black wave the eye reluctant toils,

From the cold glance the sick'ning soul recoils :

But hear, ye tribes, the truth from heaven receiv'd,

To Abraham promis'd and with joy believ'd, 170

Your great Messiah soon shall be your guide,

And safely bear you o'er this boisterous tide ;

Glory to God, th' angelic chorus sang,

Good will to man, the ethereal concave rang,

And whilst the tidings vibrate on your ear, 175

The meek and lowly Jesus draweth near :

What though your Prince in humble state be born,

What though no crown the Saviour's head adorn ;

For fallen man he lays his sceptre by,

For your redemption leaves his native sky. 180

No more shall Death the king of terrors reign,
And o'er creation cast his icy chain,
Despair no longer heave the rending sigh,
And hope revolting cloud th' expiring eye;
But Faith descending from the realms of light, 185
Dispel your fears, and aid your heaven-bound flight;
Lead you through him, whose mission I proclaim,
From man's applause to seek eternal fame;
To shun the passing trifles of a day,
To call from earth your wand'ring thoughts away, 190
To see beyond the dreary vale of time,
A prospect opening cloudless and sublime,
Where mind shall bloom, and thought unshackl'd grow,
Where pain no more the new-born soul shall know,
Where joys substantial, lasting, and refin'd, 195
Shall feast the senses, and transport the mind,

Beyond what eye hath seen or heart conceiv'd,
Prophet foretold or Patriarch believ'd :
Where God shall cleanse the heart, no more to fight
And wipe the final tear from every eye. 200

Soon shall your black horizon gleam with day,
Nor death o'er nature cast a sickly ray,
Soon shall your mental darkness take its flight,
And IMMORTALITY be brought to light.

But know, tho' all shall see the eternal state, 205
Far different scenes will different souls await :
Many, who here have gone with honors crown'd,
Through life applauded, and in death renown'd,
Have gain'd the monarch's smile, the vulgar gaze,
The statesman's honors, or the warrior's bays, 210

Robb'd of their tinsel charms, and borrow'd light,
Shall then their fruits receive in endless night :
Yet hear with joy each heavy laden soul,
O'er whom affliction's swelling surges roll ;
Others oppress'd, and poor, who here below, 215
Have drank their cup of bitterness and woe ;
Whose heads corroding cares have bent to earth,
And roam'd dejection's victim from their birth ;
To death descended by a gloomy way,
Have found beyond the grave eternal day. 220

If ye unting'd by prejudice receive
Your coming Saviour, and his words believe,
His precepts bind delighted to your heart,
And life resign before you bid them part,

His meekness imitate, his patience share, 225
Love what he lov'd, and what he suffer'd bear ;
Tho' anguish smite your path, or wasting pain,
The poor man's lot be your's, the captive's chain ;
A better portion waits in yonder skies,
A golden harvest in reversion lies. 230

SIR MALCOLM

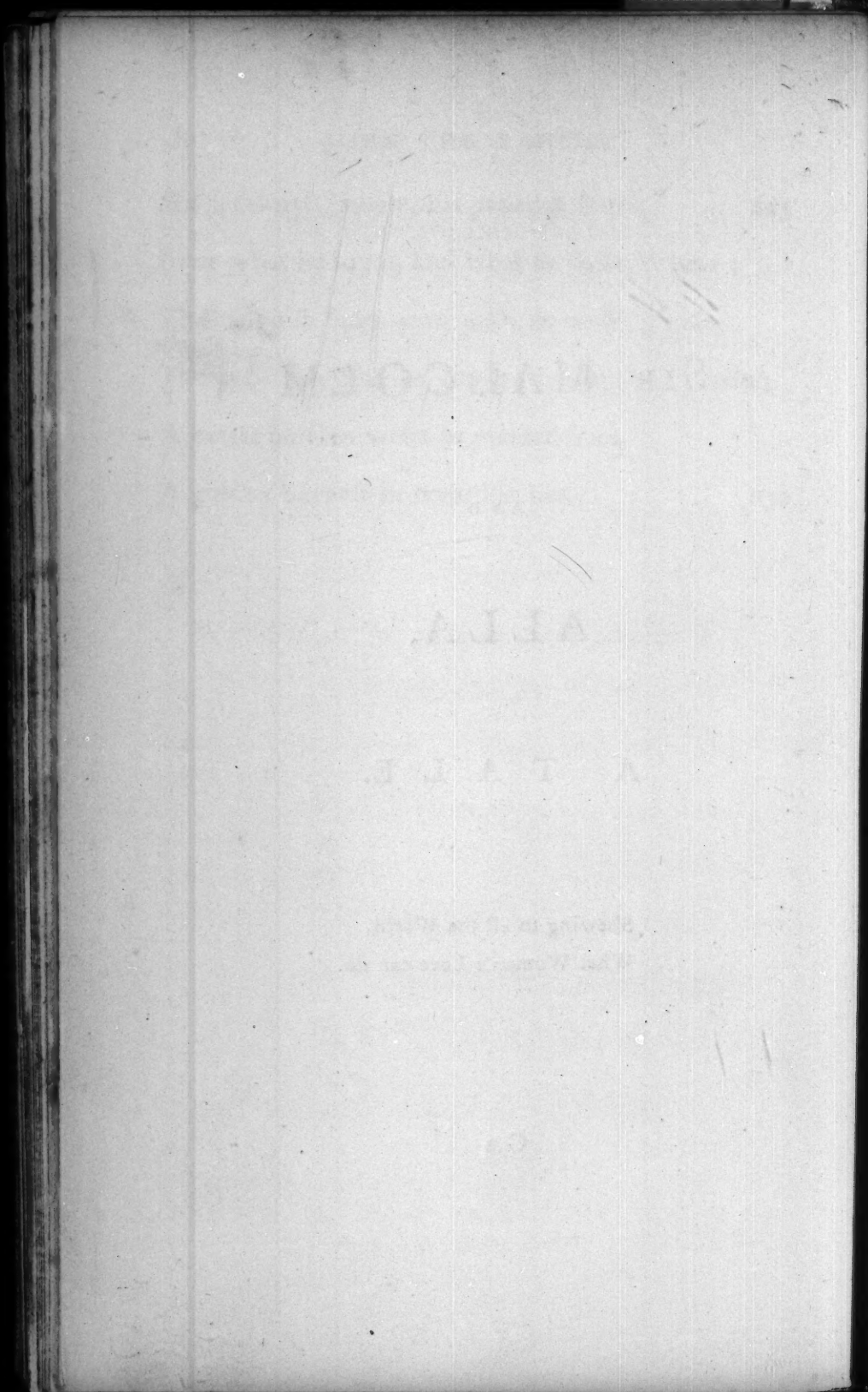
AND

ALLA,

A T A L E.

Shewing to all the World,
What Woman's Love can do.

C 2



SIR MALCOLM

AND

ALLA,

A T A L E.

WHERE Clyde tumultuous bursts his source,

The theme of Scottish song,

And near a mountain's craggy base,

Meandering rolls along ;

A venerable Lord of Ayre,

With every virtue fraught,

To shun the senseless noise of life,

A tranquil refuge sought ;

His Castle (landmark from afar,)

In matchless pride appear'd,

And plenty round his wide domain,

Each vassal's bosom cheer'd,

When wint'ry clouds the sky conceal'd,

And snow descending fast,

Wav'd with the gently curling breeze,

Or hurry'd with the blast;

To soothe the soul of penury,

He left his mansion warm;

To cheer the peasant's ice-bound cot,

Withstood the ruthless storm,

Heard, when caress'd by guardian ease,

The poor man's cheerless sigh,

And answer'd to the tender call,
Of God-like Charity,

This goodly Lord a Daughter had,
Fairer than summer's morn;
And joy prevail'd the country round,
When Scotland's Pride was born;

Her Mother in the bloom of years,
Relentless death assail'd,
And whilst her fullen death-bell toll'd,
Responsive sighs prevail'd:

For with each storm-beat child of woe,
Her bosom bore a part:
Each noble passion had prepar'd
The future Angel's heart.

And when from earth's inferior soil,
Her ripen'd spirit flew,
From Court to rear his infant charge,
The drooping Sire withdrew ;

Where, when revolving fancy roll'd,
O'er sleeping virtue's shrine,
And earth unheeded shrank to nought,
Before her form divine.

Despair sat rankling at his heart,
Till Alla, peerless maid,
Subdu'd the agonizing Fiend,
And clear'd the mental shade ;

For as the bud's unfolding leaf,
The future flower portrays,

So Alla rising into youth,
Her Mother's worth displays.

The well-tun'd bagpipe ceas'd to play,
When Alla's song arose,
The breathing zephyr softer blew,
Or melted to repose;

When with her nineteenth natal morn,
She grac'd the village green,
The warmth of each admiring eye,
Proclaim'd her beauty's queen.

Full many a youth of high renown,
Attentive homage paid,
And fought by every art to gain,
This lovely blooming maid;

But one alone of all the throng,
Her envy'd smile obtain'd,
Who vow'd full oft the love he bore,
Nor was his passion feign'd :

Each virtue kindred to her own,
Sir Malcolm's heart possess'd,
The fire of heroes fill'd his eye,
The worth of saints his breast :

A Chieftain of a veteran band,
Sir Malcolm long had been,
And one whose valor brighter shone,
Had Scotland never seen;

The fouthern warriors of the isle,
Beheld his frown with dread,

Rebellion starting at his shade,

Conceal'd her haggard head :

Tho' rough where war the task requir'd,

To urge a Chief's controul,

Yet from the clang of arms afar,

He own'd a feeling soul,

Where all the softer virtues bloom'd;

Unruffl'd and sedate,

Which swell the triumphs of the brave,

And form the hero great ;

His well-earn'd fame fair Alla priz'd,

And he her worth rever'd,

By mutual tendernefs improv'd,

In mutual friendship rear'd.

The Sire perceiv'd his Daughter's choice,
 Whilst joy inspir'd his breast,
And thus, by sage experience taught,
 Sir Malcolm brave address'd:

- “ Your merit at an early age,
 “ Your generous Country scann'd,
“ And not confin'd to rule, but right,
 “ Bade Malcolm guard the land ;
- “ But Oh ! beware insatiate pride,
 “ Despise its tinsel glare,
“ Behold it taint each heaven-born soul,
 “ And poison all that's fair ;
- “ Whilst meek humility adorns
 “ The Monarch or the Clown,

“ Shines in a soft celestial garb,

“ Tho’ fortune smile or frown ;

“ Pride is the secret restless source,

“ Whence all contentions rise,

“ And the fierce Fiend, from whose dread glare,

“ Affrighted Virtue flies;

“ Therefore, brave youth, if spotless fame

“ Thine ardent bosom warm,

“ If zeal to gain a nation’s praise,

“ Thy ravish’d fancy charm ;

“ Let grovelling passions rear’d on pride,

“ No refuge find with thee,

“ But honor, modesty, and truth,

“ Thy lov’d companions be ;

“ So shall thy soul’s best seeds expand,

“ Thy latent virtues shine,

“ And she who most thy love deserves,

“ Be blest’d in being thine;

“ To-morrow’s dawn shall join their hands,

“ Whose hearts have long been tied,

“ To-morrow’s dawn the Pride of day,

“ Become Sir Malcolm’s bride:”

And when the morn serenely fair,

Unveil’d her blushing face,

The raptured youth in Alla’s form,

Beheld a chaster grace;

Whilst gentle tumults heav’d her breast,

Or fond emotions fir’d,

Till on the shrine of love divine,
The vestal flame expir'd.

The wedding of Sir Malcolm brave,
Had days been only twain,
When adverse fortune call'd him forth,
To wield his spear again ;

For as the twilight Queen arose,
And beam'd her placid ray ;
Commanding by its torpid charm,
All mortal cares away ;

Swift as a dart by Malcolm hurl'd,
A messenger did bring,
To Scotia's Bulwark of defence,
A mandate from the King,

To call his bold Clans to the field;
For England's royal head,
Had scourg'd the confines of the Tweed,
And onward daring sped.

When thus the Chief to Alla spake,
Let firmness guard thine heart;
To arms my monarch calls me hence,
I mourn, but must depart!

Tho' when with battle I have done,
And gain'd this glorious fray;
No more from happiness and thee
Shall wretched Malcolm stray.

“ And wilt thou to the battle go,
“ To combat, blood, and strife?

“ And wilt thou from thine home depart,

“ And leave thy loving wife ?”

I must, the fighting Knight reply'd,

Or Scotland is undone;

My country calls, and Malcolm's soul

Disdains her call to shun.

When forth amid the martial ranks,

He urg'd his rapid way,

And bade the war-drum loudly roar,

The hostile clarion bray.

“ Let each his well-try'd arms prepare;

“ For, at the morning break,

“ We all must hye to Edinburgh,

“ For good King Bruce's sake.

“ For, England’s haughty Edward comes,
“ From London, (mighty town,)
“ To waste fair Scotland’s fruitful land,
“ And pull her Monarch down.”

When all, their brazen bucklers seiz’d,
And closer grasp’d their spears,
By rage transported, as the tale
Thrill’d on their list’ning ears:

For, much their country’s weal they lov’d,
And much their monarch too,
And felt their breasts with ardour glow,
To face the ruffian crew;

Sir Malcolm then fair Alla fought,
And thus forlorn did say,

“ Misfortune envious feeds her spleen,

“ In tearing us away ;

“ Yet thou in Malcolm’s heart shalt dwell ;

“ Thou, only thou, shalt reign,

“ Till triumph in her blazon’d car

“ Conducts him back again.”

Now roar’d the trumpet’s warlike note,

When through the founding hall,

He hurl’d his pond’rous spear, and swore,

“ Thus shall proud Edward fall ;”

Quoth Alla, “ If presiding heaven,

(“ Tho’ well I know thy might,)

“ Sir Malcolm brave should doom to fall,

“ Amid the raging fight ;

“ The world with every charm it yields,

“ Could not dispel my woe :

“ Forgive the frailty of the heart,

“ That cannot let thee go.”

“ Tho’ cheer’d to find,” the Knight reply’d,

“ Such love thy bosom warm ;

“ Tho’ hard the conflict in my breast,

“ I must outbrave the storm ;

“ For, when my country danger dreads,

“ Should ought engage my heart ?

“ Tho’ much my bleeding soul recoils,

“ Sir Malcolm must depart.”

When from the trembling fair he burst,

Impetuous for the fight ;

Whilst Alla mark'd his distant shade,
Wane on her aching sight.

Sir Malcolm now with hasty step,
His sovereign's will obey'd,
And march'd with twice five thousand men,
In brazen garb array'd;

With glittering pomp and dauntless stride,
They hie to meet the foe,
By indignation's spirit fir'd,
To Rosland's castle go.

Where stood King Bruce with sadden'd eye,
By anxious care oppress'd,
But when he saw them marching in,
Hope cheer'd his drooping breast;

“ Approach,” said he, “ ye valiant bands,
“ Your monarch greets ye true ;
“ Let tyrant Edward by your might,
“ His wild ambition rue.”

When thus Sir Malcolm brave reply'd,
“ Behold these shining spears,
“ And us who wield them sworn to-day,
“ To chase thy people's fears ;

“ By the fam'd cross, St. Andrew bore,
“ To give the deadly blow,
“ And what indignant Scots can do,
“ To let proud Edward know.”

When Bruce exultingly reply'd,
“ I know your hearts full well ;

“ And that the hero’s choicest gifts

“ Within thy bosom dwell ;

“ March then against my daring foes,

“ And let King Edward feel,

“ What injur’d Scotland can perform,

“ When Justice points the steel :

“ The tardy morrow’s earliest dawn

“ Shall light thee on the way,

“ Prepare thy yet unconquer’d arms,

“ And Scotland’s scourge dismay ;

“ Mean while thy monarch will assert

“ The power which fortune gave,

“ To call each patriot to his arms,

“ When hostile banners wave ;

“ And when success rewards his toil,
“ Sure as the north star’s course,
“ Shall one o’erwhelming ruin smite,
“ The faithless Edward’s force.”

The morn drew nigh, Sir Malcolm brave,
Arouz’d his sleeping train,
From dreams of slaughter, ranks o’erpower’d,
To tread th’ embattled plain ;

Each heart with martial zeal inspir’d,
Preferr’d the soldier’s prayer,
To fall by glory crown’d, or live,
The conqueror’s plume to wear ;

And when oppos’d the armies came,
Each rent his bosom bare,

Of all the high and lowland lads,

And felt a hero there.

Grim vengeance now from ev'ry face,

Beam'd forth in dread array,

Vultures of war in shadowing crowds

Invoke their coming prey.

Till piercing cries and dying groans

The cloudless concave rend,

And force the frightened birds of blood,

Their farther course to bend ;

Loud houl'd the storm, as o'er the plain

Its sweeping pinions pass'd ;

Whilst broken sounds of harmony

Rode on the deathful blast :

Where ere Sir Malcolm's helmet shone,
Opposing ranks withdrew ;
Fir'd by the fury of their Chief,
His men more furious grew ;

But still King Edward's haughty soul
Disdain'd to quit the field ;
And tho' his choicest troops were slain,
The vict'ry scorn'd to yield.

When rous'd to agony of rage,
Sir Malcolm's valiant train,
Disdaining doubtful darts to guide,
And madd'ning ire restrain.

Their thirsty blades resentful drew,
The scabbards cast away,

Resolv'd in death their eyes to close,
Or gain the ling'ring fray.

Now by indignant passions fir'd,
Each sword to slaughter led,
With thirst insatiate, round the plain
Vindictive carnage spread ;

The deaf'ning clash of arms arose,
Expiring, legions lie,
Whilst o'er their heads contending spears,
For death-bought honors vie :

Through nine long hours each angry chief,
Sustain'd the deadly fight,
Impending vict'ry hovering o'er,
Stood dubious where to light ;

Till at the tenth a sudden host,
From Edward's yielding side,
Of brags clad spearmen bursting forth,
The hard fought day decide ;

The Scots encircled unawares,
In wild disorder fly,
The resonance of rallying troops,
Ran thundering through the sky ;

In vain Sir Malcolm brave appear'd,
And strove to quell the storm ;
Tho' passing brave, he could not more
Than mortal man perform ;

And tho' to stem the conqueror's course,
He combat scorn'd to shun,

Full many an hostile champion met,

Full many a laurel won.

Yet left alone, to brave the fight,

For Scotland's hapless state,

To earth he hurl'd his blushing spear,

And greatly bent to fate.

Sir Malcolm now with shouts was led,

To Edward's presence nigh,

His brow the blood-red path survey'd,

His bosom heav'd a sigh :

"And what," said Edward, as he came,

"Could prompt thy puny might ;

"Thy bands the sport of every breeze,

"With England's arms to fight ?

“ Shall I the mightier of the two,

“ From Scotland’s vengeance fly ?

“ Or ought that Edward stoops to ask—

“ Thy monarch dare deny ?

“ Thou shalt be told ; disturber bold

“ Of Scotland’s happy land ;

“ Think not uncourg’d, thy neighbour’s right,

“ To grasp with barbarous hand ;

“ Behold around this tent of thine,

“ What breathless victims lie,

“ Read in the portion of the slain,

“ Thy pendent destiny.

“ These mangl’d forms for justice call,

“ And heaven their call will hear :

Said brave Sir Malcolm as his eye,
Shone through the pitying tear.

“ Repress thy rage,” said Edward’s guard,
“ Nor thus insult our Lord ;
“ Thy tongue restrain,” cry’d England’s King,
“ Or death is thy reward :

“ Shall Malcolm cease the truth to speak,
“ Because his power is fled ?
“ Behold this blood-stain’d plain and see,
“ What lust of power hath shed :

“ In wild ambition’s baneful strife,
“ What slaughter’d thousands die !
“ Around proud war’s imperious march,
“ What boding horrors fly !

“ Each parent, brother, kindred, friend,

“ Torn by impending fate ;

“ And what the darkness of that soul,

“ Which can such pangs create !

“ Think not to bribe my peace by threats,

“ Of death, or clanking chains ;

“ Sir Malcolm vanquish'd scorns his life,

“ Thy vengeance he disdains ;

“ Eternal scourge of every clime,

“ Where foster'd virtues rest,

“ Oppression stalks around thy tent,

“ The furies gore thy breast.

“ Prepare the block,” King Edward cry'd,

“ Shall thus a prisoner say ?

Thy neck to-morrow's dawn shall cleave,
The ravens on thee prey.

But now the muse attempts to paint
The wars of Alla's mind;
Who when Sir Malcolm brave was gone,
No happiness could find ;

And thus she moan'd her lonely lot ;

“ If in the contest, he
“ Of all mankind I most approve,
“ Should forely wounded be ;

“ No Alla near, his wants to ask,
“ And soft endearment blend,
“ With every ruthless pang, that needs
“ The solace of a friend.

“ Perhaps the hand of death may feize,

“ Amid the battle fore,

“ Nor I with joy unspeakable,

“ Behold Sir Malcolm more.

“ And can my heart its Lord resign,

“ To war’s untimely death ?

“ And not affection fervent glow

“ To sooth his parting breath ?

“ I must unto Sir Malcolm fly,

“ Nor can I brook delay ;

“ It is but danger to depart,

“ And certain death to stay ;

“ The torch of love shall light me on,

“ To trace the reeking field ;

“ Affection’s zeal endue mine arm;

“ The warrior’s lance to wield ;

“ My strength might not with men’s compare,

“ Nor o’er a host prevail ;

“ But yet my feeble aid might help,

“ If nothing turn’d the scale.”

Fair Alla now with sandals lac’d,

And trusty servants four,

Resolv’d with heart and hand right well,

Sir Malcolm to explore ;

Set out before the rising lark

Proclaim’d the hast’ning day,

And onward press’d, till dying eve

Withdrew her parting ray :

And when through five long toilsome days,
Chill'd with tempestuous fear ;
To Scotland's far fam'd sons of war,
Fair Alla journey'd near ;

She saw with agony untold,
The nearer banners fly,
Whilst dread suspense and deadly fears
Beam'd from her eager eye.

Said Alla fair, " Oh what the news ?"
To him who first rode near,
" Oh sad to say, oh sad to say,
" Ask not the news to hear ;"

" But I will know," the Fair reply'd,
" Nor thus my bosom freeze,

“ Heav’n will uphold my feeble heart

“ To bear what Heav’n decrees.”

“ Then oh! my Lady fair, ’tis hard,

“ ’Tis hard for us and thee ;

“ Sir Malcolm is a prisoner made,

“ His army forc’d to flee :”

“ Then I will be a prisoner too ;”

(Said Alla fill’d with woe,)

“ Nor will I rest another day,

“ Until to him I go.

“ But where are all those warriors bold,

“ Whom Scotland’s Chief did lead ?

“ Can those be they o’er yonder plain,

“ Running with cowards speed ?”

“ Those are the men, my lady fair,

“ Who running come this way,

“ All of Sir Malcolm brave depriv’d,

“ They shun the luckless fray :”

“ Then from thy milk-white charger spring,

“ Resign its aid to me,

“ And what a female arm can do,

“ Shall Edward wondering see :”

When with a leap she caught the reins,

And flew to meet the train

Of horse and archers, as they forth

Came scouring o’er the plain ;

And thus to all fair Alla spoke,

“ Behold a friend in me ;

“ Sir Malcolm’s loving wife arriv’d,

“ Your conqu’ring chief to be :

“ Resume your hearts, ye valiant tribes,

“ Your sinking country save,

“ Dissever from the tyrant’s grasp,

“ Your chief Sir Malcolm brave ;

“ Whose budding laurels, but for you,

“ May now untimely fade ;

“ And Edward’s refuse of mankind,

“ Your choicest rights invade.”

When quick as lightning’s rapid flight,

Confusion pierc’d each eye,

Whilst one and all repentant cry’d,

We further scorn to fly :

“ Yet curb your wrath,” said Alla fair,
“ Until the morning light,
“ The rally’d troops of Scotland’s King
“ Shall then resume the fight.”

Now each on future vengeance bent,
Prepar’d his shining blade ;
Indignant strung his stubborn bow,
Or mighty javelin made.

And long before the bright-ey’d morn
Enflam’d the orient sky,
Fair Alla and her daring troops
In silent ambush lie ;

Prepar’d to deal the fatal blow,
And save from keen disgrace

The name of Bruce, to Scotland dear,
And Malcolm's spotless race.

And now the valiant hosts proceed,
As led by Alla fair,
Till bordering on the English camp,
For battle they prepare.

The sentence of Sir Malcolm brave,
Which England's Monarch spoke,
Was now about to be perform'd,
As morn her slumber broke.

Sir Malcolm, dignify'd in chains,
The solemn scene survey'd ;
The murd'rous axe, and grov'ling sledge,
Undaunted, undismay'd ;

He backward to the fatal block
With steady heart did ride,
King Edward and his army both,
Attending by his side :

When like the sweeping blast of heaven,
Which lays the forest bare,
The arms of Alla, from the plain
The English standards tear ;

With sudden vengeance hurl the dart,
Or fling the massy spar ;
And with o'erwhelming fury roll
Destruction's crimson car ;

Ranks in confusion fall on ranks,
Armies of horrors rise ;

King Edward, seiz'd with panic fear,

From conquering Alla flies :

Thus England's glory felt a wound,

A mortal wound indeed,

Whilst fame, the genius of her clime,

Seem'd at each pore to bleed.

The wild confusion of the fray

A timely offer gave

For brave Sir Malcolm to escape,

And further carnage save,

“ Forbear,” said he, “ ye more than men,

“ A flying foe revere,

“ For when compell'd to slay, alone,

“ Should Scotsmen prove severe ;

“ The palm is won, the honor firm,

“ Proud Edward yields the day :

“ His fate may ev’ry conqueror meet,

“ Till conquest dies away.

“ But whom that Nymph whose might prevail’d,

“ When ev’ry hope was gone ?

“ On milk-white charger form’d your ranks,

“ And urg’d your footsteps on ?”

Rejoic’d to tell our wond’ring Lord,

A shouting host reply’d,

The Nymph who led thy conquering bands,

Was brave Sir Malcolm’s bride.

Scarce had his eye, with fond surprise,

Diffus’d a darting ray,

When Alla at Sir Malcolm's feet.

In speechless transport lay ;

“ And art thou she,” the Knight exclaim'd,

“ To whom I owe my life ?

“ And art thou, as thou seem'st to be,

“ Truly my loving wife ?”

When thus the rising fair one spoke,

“ From these thy life receive,

“ But that I am thy loving wife,

“ Full faithfully believe.”

Cry'd brave Sir Malcolm, “ can my soul

“ Such crouded transports bear ?

“ Preserv'd by thee, my life shall be

“ Devoted to thy care.

“ Thou monument of wedded worth,
“ Thou first of woman kind,
“ Thy brow unfading wreaths shall grace,
“ Immortal laurels bind.”

A bending herald now arriv'd,
From England's vanquish'd King,
And did a letter from his Lord
To brave Sir Malcolm bring,

Imploring peace with might and main,
Bought with a proffer'd sum,
Imploring pardon for the past,
And right good-will to come.

Sir Malcolm to the breathless man
Thus courteously did say,

“ With England’s king a peace to make.

“ I do not answer nay ;

“ Tho’ foul revenge, with clamour loud,

“ Requires thy Monarch’s death ;

“ The life of him, who conquering dar’d

“ Demand Sir Malcolm’s breath :

“ Yet sway’d by honor’s high controul,

“ This heart shall ever be ;

“ A generous victor knows to blend

“ Success with modesty ;

“ So take thy gift, Sir Malcolm’s foul

“ So mean a boon disdains,

“ But longs with equal zeal to stop

“ Each bleeding country’s veins ;

“ I only want him to be just,

“ To mould his soul anew ;

“ That foil where proud ambition grows,

“ Which would a world subdue.

“ When war's enfanguin'd banners wave,

“ And thousands fall around,

“ What shall avail each victim'd corse,

“ Tho' reason late be found ?

“ Peace may return as statesmen chuse,

“ And commerce rear its head ;

“ But where the statesman, who the prince,

“ Can raise the injur'd dead ?

“ Yet cease ;—if Edward will reform,

“ And be in future kind,

“ A faithful friend, till time doth end,

“ He shall in Scotland find.”

The herald now with speed return'd,

And all Sir Malcolm said

Recounted with an accent bold,

Without disguise or dread.

Quoth Edward, “ Princely are his words,

“ We will in truth be fair ;

“ That first of heroes, best of men,

“ Shall hence my friendship share ;

“ The Foe, who thus can bravely act,

“ Can better play the Friend ;

“ To gain his love, reward his worth,

“ My future life shall tend.”

Then England's king and Scotland's knight,

All on Cromarty's plain,

With faith did there, agree to swear

Right conduct to maintain ;

From ev'ry hostile act to fly,

Which jealousy might name,

As cause sufficient to provoke

Contention's dying flame.

And now they both with one consent,

Full cordially did meet ;

It would have done one's heart's-blood good

To see how they did greet ;

With promis'd care, good will to bear,

And be for ever true ;

And thus 'twas shown to all the world,

What woman's love could do,

Let ev'ry generous youth revere,

His every effort move,

To merit first, and then possess,

The pearl of woman's love,

Oh ! woman rare, and woman fair,

From whom such blessings flow ;

May ev'ry bonny Scottish lad

Thy blooming virtues know.

And thus it flows on all the world's end

When woman's love could do no more

With all the world's end

Let every man be a man

His every effort move

To men this and that and the other

The heart of woman's love

Let every man be a man

Oh! woman's love and woman's love

Then when the world's end

Let every man be a man

The blooming of the world

Let every man be a man

To be a man

Let every man be a man

Let every man be a man

WAR,

A FRAGMENT.

F 3

W. A. R.

A FRAGMENT.

8

WAR,

A FRAGMENT.

HOW much abhorr'd should hell-fed Passion be !

How much should man foul Anger's ocean flee !

High on whose surge his giddy bark is tofs'd,

His rudder broken, and his anchor lost ;

Whilst hidden fires his frantic bosom scorch, 5

Whilst to his eye the Furies hold their torch ;

Adjust each feature with satanic grace,

And dance their orgies round his kindred face.

Oh ! Charity, fair daughter of the skies,
How many a hateful form before Thee flies, 10
On whose dark brow, and grinning smile, and yell,
Thou might'st, if justice reign'd, for ever dwell !
Yet thou hast mark'd their faults, whilst pity sigh'd,
And to disturb thy peace, their little powers defy'd.

But whilst of happiness we feebly tell, 15
And praise her worth, and paint her halcyon cell ;
Declare of joys that round their parent twine,
And speak of shores where suns perpetual shine ;
How many pence-bought engines wield the spear,
Whose slavish breasts this sun must never cheer ! 20
How many myriads of the human race,
On carnage bent, the name of man disgrace !
Some lazy tyrant's hireling tool obey,
And rush like blood-hounds on their unknown prey.

If on the slaughter'd field some mind humane, 25
Should stop to sooth a gasping Soldier's pain ;
Enquire the cause that urg'd him to engage
In war's fell clangor, and infernal rage ;
" I know no cause," his trembling tongue replies,
And with a hollow groan distends his frame, and dies.

Orlando, urg'd by Pity, whisp'ring near,
The victims of a stubborn fight to cheer ;
When a fam'd City hail'd the victor band,
And ceas'd to glut with blood th' neighbouring land ;
At midnight's solemn hour withdrew to tread 35
The plain bestrew'd with dying and with dead :
Long had it stood the thundering blast of war,
And long defy'd Britannia's tow'ring car,
Till stalking Famine in her haggard form,
Withstood the longer fight, and hush'd the storm : 40

Sad o'er the carnage of the finish'd fray,
Cast its red gleams, the sun's departing ray ;
The hollow-sounding zephyr floating near,
Wont to convey the shout or clashing spear ;
Now bears the trembling accents of despair, 45
And wafts alone the wounded wretch's prayer.

As the pale moon disclos'd her silver beam,
Orlando pass'd the town's encircling stream,
That on its surface many a carcass bore,
Staining the shatter'd walls with patriot gore. 50

Pensive, and slow, Orlando bent his way,
Through the wide carnage of the deadly fray ;
Thousands of bloodless trunks the ground had stain'd,
Whilst sorely wounded thousands still remain'd ;
Wailing in broken groans a soldier's fate, 55
As on their faded cheeks grim Anguish fate :

Chill'd by the wizard horror's icy dart,
The life blood stagnates in Orlando's heart.

Unnumber'd eyes, just glimm'ring on the verge
Of death's dark precincts, and o'erwhelming surge, 60
Seem'd to implore his aid, and gently say,

"Oh! wand'ring stranger, hither bend thy way."

"One moment help a wounded wretch forlorn."

"Pluck the deep bullet from my bosom torn."

"Screen from my quiv'ring limbs the nightly dew."

Or, "bear to some lov'd name, a last adieu."

Such countless claims on soft compassion's aid,

Such pallid forms in clotted garb array'd,

All panting for a friend to sooth their breath,

Or trembling in the iron grasp of death; 70

With bleeding pity fill'd the wand'rer's heart:

Unknowing where assistance first to dart,

Awhile he paus'd ; till, near a murder'd heap,
Where stones might grieve, or tyrants learn to weep,
He saw a Youth bare to the evening gale, 75
Silent and sad, and as the snow-drop pale,
Feebly withstanding life's expiring tide,
As lying on the ground, he press'd his wounded side :
One hand, tho' cold, and rudely smear'd with gore,
In the faint grasp a Female's picture bore ; 80
And as his eye-lid seem'd to heave its last,
Dead to the future, heedless of the past,
On the fond maid (as death itself might move),
He fix'd the lingering look of faithful love.
With lightning's speed, Orlando rush'd to save 85
So fair a victim from the gaping grave ;
Upheld his sinking head, and sooth'd his pain,
And sought to bear him from the blood-moist plain.
Call'd from the shore of death's unebbing tide,
With sickly smile the Youth Orlando ey'd, 90

Wav'd his weak hand, and utter'd with a sigh,
" In peace, oh ! gen'rous stranger, let me die ;
" Others there are who more require thy aid,
" Mine eyes, low sinking, court the hov'ring shade."
Orlando cry'd, (whilst dropt the pitying tear), 95
" Oh ! heed a friend, if friendship's voice can cheer
" On the cold confines of the dark-wav'd lake,
" And let mine heart thy rending pangs partake ;
" Say, bleeding Youth, what urg'd thee thus to stray
" Far from thy kindred and thy coast away ? 100
" To dare the fight with indignation blind,
" To lift the spear against thy fellow kind ?
" Know'st thou the cause for which the crimson tide
" Deferts thine heart, and oozes from thy side ?
" Perchance some statesman's pique, some shrine profan'd,
" A flag insulted, or a skiff detain'd ;
" These blow the blasts of war ; whose noxious breath
" Fills the wide earth with discord, dread, and death.

“ Speak ; gently speak, that some may mark thy grave,
“ And flee from blood, the nurture tyrants crave.” 110

As tho’ a Power endu’d with sov’ reign might
Had call’d his spirit from the shades of night,
The dying Youth appear’d ; uprose in part,
And tore the tale of anguish from his heart :

‘ An English Cot first gave me birth, and fed, 115
‘ Till nineteen summer suns their course had sped,
‘ Contented then, my soul no sorrow knew,
‘ With heart untainted, and with bosom true,
‘ Join’d I the village dance, the circle gay,
‘ And jocund pass’d the smiling hours away ; 120
‘ (The fond remembrance of my native plain,
‘ Darts wilder anguish through my throbbing brain ;
‘ I see the wolves, that once like lambs did bleat,
‘ I see the serpents coiling at my feet,

‘ Whose soft persuasive words, and fatal craft, 125
‘ Led me from home to drink this bitter draught :
‘ Mark you the cause that laid me bleeding here,
‘ And warn mankind to shun the hostile spear ;
‘ Rais’d but to please some haughty Lordling’s pride,
‘ Made but to pierce the harmless Peasant’s side.) 130

‘ Whilst o’er the stubborn glebe I urg’d my team,
‘ Or led my flocks beside the pebb’l’d stream,
‘ Or with my reeden-pipe, at break of day,
‘ Pour’d the rude warblings of a shepherd’s lay ;
‘ Some Soldiers came ; clad in a dazzling dress, 135
‘ Laugh’d at my garments, dwelt on my distress ;
‘ Said, “ spurn your plough, and all such grov’ling toys,
“ And know the value of a Soldier’s joys,
“ No little Master do we deign to greet,
“ My Lord or Duke directs our playful feet ; 140

“ No rustic rags are we compell’d to wear,
“ We dress like Princes, and like Princes fare ;
“ Behold our cloaths, gay as autumnal trees,
“ Behold our plumes nod to the passing breeze ;
“ But what are splendid garbs to deathless fame ?
“ We fight for honors of a nobler name ;
“ We pant for Glory ; and aspire to gain,
“ Immortal laurels from the blood-red plain,
“ Stain’d with the gore of Britain’s slaughter’d prey,
“ Whilst o’er their heads exulting clarions play.” • 150

‘ The shadowy prospect charm’d my foolish heart,
‘ Urg’d me with home and happiness to part ;
‘ To leave my aged Sire, with anguish wild,
‘ To leave my Mother, frantic for her child,
‘ To leave the Maid I lov’d.

- ‘ Full well my mind retains the fatal day,
‘ Which tore me from my Cath’rine’s arms away ;
“ And wilt thou go ? (all wildly pale, she cry’d),
“ And must the wars our faithful loves divide ?
“ Oh ! stay with Kate, nor cross the treach’rous sea !
“ Let others fight, who are not lov’d like thee.”
‘ When, on the foaming margin of the flood,
‘ Grasping my hand, the lovely maiden stood,
‘ And mark’d the fatal barge approaching fast,
‘ And saw the ship, roll to the howling blast ; 165
‘ Chill’d with foreboding fears of future woe,
‘ Adown her cheek the tears began to flow ;
‘ When thus she spake, (with more than mortal grace,
‘ Tumultuous passions struggling in her face),
“ Since to the battle’s din thou wilt depart, 170
“ Nor heed the pangs, that rend thy Cath’rine’s heart;

" Receive this likeness of a maid sincere,
 " And ever to thy bosom bear it near ;
 " And when thou mark'st it, o'er the billows borne,
 " Think on thy Kate, who dies for thy return." 175
 ' Oh ! Cath'rine ! could'st thou witness my distress,
 ' Gasping, and cold, e'en as the clods I press ;
 ' No friend to drop the sympathizing tear,
 ' No hand to succour, and no heart to cheer ;
 ' Till now, too late.' 180

He said : and heaving his last lab'ring breath,
 Exhausted sunk into the arms of death.

Oh ! when shall earth enjoy perpetual Peace ?
 Oh ! when shall War, that worst of scourges, cease ?
 On whose dark stage, black as the Murderer's heart,
 Ten thousand Vices act a diff'rent part :

When shall the time arrive for man to gaze
On reason's sun, unshrinking from the blaze?
Her heart-expanding voice has often cry'd,
" Let hostile jars no longer lands divide ; 190
" Let vengeful arms no more direct the sword,
" And Hell's vicegerents guide the ruffian horde :
" Why should the children of one Common Sire,
" See with delight each other's lamp expire ?
" Why, rapt in joy, stride o'er the vital flood, 195
" Feast on the fight, and drench their spears in blood ?"

The dawn will burst, the glorious sun arise,
When as the night, will fade each dark disguise ;
No more destruction's thunderbolts be hurl'd,
Nor tyrants longer desolate the world ; 200
No more pale murder raise her standards high,
And blood-stain'd trophies charm the jaundic'd eye.

That time shall come, blest be the prospect fair !
When friendship's shout shall rend the ambient air,
When no dark policy shall discord fan, 205
But man behold a brother's face in man.

That time shall also come, nor slowly creep,
When Justice, starting from her couch of sleep,
Shall seize her adamant sword of fate,
And call to vengeance earth's voluptuous great ; 210
Terror shall then the conqueror's brow o'ercast,
The war-delighting monarch stand aghast ;
Dismay, corrode the starting despot's breast,
When doom'd to meet the Ghosts, his chains oppress'd :
Then shall the Chieftains, men so much admir'd, 215
Display their crowns with gorgon snakes attir'd ;
The *Death head Monster*, and the *Northern Bear*,
Sink to the canker'd regions of despair ;

While hofts, oh ! Poland, of thy children flain,
 Shall view their crest-funk Murderers with difdain;
 And, as they downward wailing bend their way,
 Spirits of love fhall round them fondly play,
 Till, near the confines of the raylefs fphere,
 Congenial Imps fhall hail their brethren dear.

Amid the brave, the gen'rous, and the pure, 225
 Thy name, oh ! injur'd Patriot,* fhall endure;
 Succeeding ages mourn thy haplefs fate,
 And loathe the mem'ry of Imperial Kate:
 And, though to gain a people equal laws,
 Thy weary'd limb a clanking fether draws, 230
 Yet, what fufains the good man's fuff'ring breaf,
 Shall, tho' endungeon'd, give thy fpirit reft:

* KOSCIUSKO, confined by order of the Emprefs in a Russian
 dungeon.

Sleep on, thy moment of deserted ease,
And, by thy patience, scorn her pow'r to teize;
Whom neither laws of God or man can bind ! 235
Who wars, as interest serves, on all mankind.

For thee shall sound Compassion's softest dirge,
Thy name descend to Time's remotest verge
With growing honors crown'd, and, o'er thy grave
The Bay shall bloom, the drooping Willow wave. 240

It is not he, who, forc'd to wield the spear,
Robs of his life the first opposer near,
Nor, those compell'd by despots iron chain,
Who sack the town, or drench with gore the plain
To whom the crimes apply :—to higher springs, 245
To crafty Statesmen, and vindictive Kings.

The causes must we trace ; to these belong
Each foldier's murder, and each peasant's wrong.

The Little murderer ends his days in shame,
The Great one triumphs, idoliz'd by fame ; 250
The Less, society combines to spurn,
The Greater, dies his punishment to learn ;
Too foul his turpitude for mortal woe,
Too huge his crimes for cognizance below,

What is your choicest hero's boasted claim 255
On pure-ey'd reason, and applauding fame ?
The waster's rude of Chili's happy land ?
The blood-drunk Conqueror's of Indostan's strand ?
And all the train of Warriors, as they rose,
Feasting, from age, to age, on human woes ? 260
What the fierce Rival's of Moscovian Czar,
Or His, who tore Darius from his car ?

Scourgers of earth, and Heralds of dismay,
Pests of mankind, and Whirlwinds of their day;
From whose example blushing Hist'ry rakes 265
Her nest of Scorpions, and her brood of Snakes;
Who, plac'd on thrones like these, like these have hurl'd
War's wasting firebrands o'er a suff'ring world.

What countless pangs to such have ow'd their birth!
What blood and murder strew'd the reeking earth!
To grant these Tyrants unexplor'd domain,
How many a fruitful clime has desert lain!
To please these monsters in their lordly pride,
How many an eye hath wept, and bosom sigh'd!
Shepherds, unskill'd in war's accursed trade, 275
Torn from their cots, and human butchers made:
Peasants, with hearts revolting at the fight,
Compell'd to wield the spear, and dare the fight;

Till War's infernal craft, and wizard spell,
Transform them, saints of light, to fiends of hell. 280

The hostile Chief, in conquest's laurels dress'd,
Sporting the trophy'd car and pompous crest,
But little thinks, or, thinking, little cares,
How hard the tenant of the cottage fares;
By him depriv'd of all his former toil, 285
And left to starve upon his fruitful soil:
Laughs at the Churl, and revels o'er his wine,
Whilst flatt'ers hail each fiendlike deed divine.

On the red plain, where, heaps for ravens wait,
Each leaves a friend, to mourn his injur'd fate, 290
Some wife, or child, perchance, his lot to tell,
To name the fatal country where he fell;
What scar-crown'd warrior led him to his doom,
Togain, he knew not what, to fight, he knew not whom.

Tales, that might once have gain'd compassion's sigh,
 Or rous'd resentment, darting from the eye,
 Of blooming maiden, o'er the hostile plain,
 Seeking her love amid the high-heap'd slain ;
 Till, in the slaughter'd rank she eyes his face,
 And, dying, clasps him in her fond embrace. 300
 Or, of lorn children who some food desire,
 And, lisping call upon their death-cold fire ;
 Whilst the rack'd mother vents her anguish deep,
 And weeping, bids her baby cease to weep :
 But these sad tales no longer melt the breast, 305
 Lost in the lapse of time, with heav'n they rest.

Are they more innocent with plenty crown'd,
 Who, at the head of slaught'ring hordes are found ?
 Whom dire Necessity's remorseless hand,
 Forc'd not to join the desolating band ? 310

(To bear the mandates of a junto far,
And waste the world, and spread the bane of war ;
That when fierce Death, ten thousand eyes has chain'd,
Courtiers may shout some glorious Feather gain'd;
Or mid destruction, tell of purpose crost, 315
Some bay-leaf wither'd, or, some bauble lost.)
If these from choice, the savage path pursue,
And in the blood of man their spears embrue ;
Tho' justice spare their lives, and fame declare
In many a hard campaign their god-like share ; 320
With war's black authors shall they combat hate,
And equal dooms, their equal crimes await.

Yet, if invaded rights the task demand,
If men behold oppress'd their native land,
By foreign despots, wand'ring far for prey, 325
Who, locusts like, with ruin mark their way ;

Or, see their Prince direct the nation's helm,
In ruin's surge, his People to o'erwhelm :
Reward for foulest deeds a venal tribe,
Nor shun to blacken whom he cannot bribe ; 330
Engage his meanest subjects to defend,
Yet, prove their tyrant, rather than their friend ;
On pow'r despotic, rear a rush-built throne,
And, crown'd for all, live to himself alone :
If ever, Albion, such an hour arrive, 335
If ever, Slav'ry on thy border thrive,
Stalk through thy vineyard with gigantic stride,
Death in her rear, and Famine by her side,
Which heaven avert ! (and all the crimes we see,)
That stain a nation struggling to be free ! 340
'Twill then be right to grasp the blazing spear,
Be duty then the banner'd staff to rear,
To dare the fight at Freedom's sacred call,
And, if, by heav'n decreed, exulting fall.

But, if embark'd to urge oppression's claim,
For love of vengeance, or for thirst of fame
Men heed the trumpet's bray, the clarion's call,
Rush on to battle, and untimely fall;
Fall, whilst extending War's tartarean brand!
Fall with the Murderer's dagger in their hand! 350
—Compassion draws a veil, and leaves their wrongs
With Heav'n, to whom decision's right belongs.

MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF

JOHN HENDERSON, A. B.

OF

PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD.

MONODY

OF THE GREAT OCEAN

JOHN HENDERSON, A.B.

EMERSON COLLEGE, OXFORD.

MONODY

ON

JOHN HENDERSON.

YE Flowers! that bow beneath the tears of eve,
Ye Gales! that murm'ring seem like me to grieve,
Shall only ye o'er MERIT's grave forlorn
Murmur and weep? nor I be there to mourn?

A sketch of JOHN HENDERSON's character is subjoined, and tho' in some parts it must necessarily become an echo to that which precedes it, yet it is presumed a further illustration of so distinguished a person will not prove unacceptable to the reader.

As o'er thy Tomb, my HENDERSON ! I bend, 5
Shall I not praise thee, Scholar ! Christian ! Friend !
The grief which o'er a Brother's recent grave
Forc'd Nature sheds, that copious grief I gave :
But now that time his soft'ning hues has brought
And mellow'd anguish into pensive thought ; 10
Since through the varied scenes of life I've pass'd,
And still compar'd the former with the last ;
I prize thee more ! the GREAT, the LEARN'D I see,
Yet mem'ry turns from *little men* to THEE,
And views, with smiles that light her trembling tear,
Thy Genius, destin'd for a nobler sphere.

If human spirits then *begin* to live
When they mortality's frail robe receive ;
And born to endless being urge their way,
Progressive Travellers through the eternal Day ; 20

Dart wide the glance, yet dart on GOD alone,
Approaching still his ever-distant throne;
If e'en the unletter'd Peasant in *that* flight
Soon soar beyond a Newton's *earthly* height;
What height shall he attain, whose infant scan 25
Pierc'd through the frames of Nature and of Man?

'Twas his the times of elder fame to view,
And all that GREECE or ROME e'er writ or knew;
Now on bold pinion float mid PLATO's blaze,
Now patient tread the SCHOOLMAN's thorny maze. 30
In thrice ten years his soul had run the round
Of human knowledge, simple or profound;
Alike could shape the log, or glance his eye
To where with Suns the Zodiac belts the sky:
E'en as the Lark, that groundling builds its nest, 35
Now bends the stalk beneath its speckled breast,

Now pierces clouds, and with a startling trill
Salutes the day-star glittering o'er the hill !

Not souls from him lay ambush'd ; he could trace
The mute, unlying language of the face ; 40
In manhood's fashion'd features knew to read,
The ruling passion stamp'd, the habitual deed ;
And in the acorn's fibrils, with keen eye,
Beheld the oak's storm-swinging branches high.

So vast a mind did I dare venture near ? 45
O yes ! for perfect Love excluded Fear.
Tho' like an eagle he could stand sublime
On summits which no toil might hope to climb :
And tho' whene'er he spake, the sage was mute
As maiden list'ning to her lover's lute ; 50
Yet did kind Heaven one WORTHIER gift impart,
The priceless treasure of a LOWLY HEART,

O hear thou proud one ! thou whose soul assumes
Or Wisdom's robe, or Wit's aye-dancing plumes ;
Tho' Learning's alpine height before him shone, 55
He on the footstool fix'd a nobler throne.
E'en children doated on his accent mild,
And sported careless round their fellow child.

Ye sons of calumny ! go, hide your head !
Away, ye VAMPIRES ! * that devour the dead ! 60
Who fain would force the long-clos'd wound to bleed,
And hunt through Paradise to find a weed.
When droop'd his frame beneath its restless lord,
And cut its sheath the keenly-temper'd sword ;
What if an artificial aid he sought, 65
Worn out with prodigality of thought ?

* The Vampires (in the mythology of the Hungarian superstition) are loathly Spirits who delight to enter the graves of the newly-buried, and mangle their bodies.

What if, his frail car driven with heedless force,
 He fir'd the wheels in his too rapid course?
 'Tis true, the midnight bowl he lov'd to share,*
 Yet never cloud it rais'd, it shot no glare ; 70
 But only made, with stimulation kind,
 The body wakeful to the unsleeping mind ;
 But only (till unmechaniz'd by death) ;
 Kept the pipe vocal to the player's breath.
 With wonted thought, with loftier eloquence, 75
 Truth's pure behestments would he *then* dispense :
 So fair the effect that VIRTUE made a pause,
 And only not forgave the faulty cause.

* " The partiality of friendship must give place to the sacredness of truth : his friends lamented this failing," which was both a *solitary* and *short-lived* one, "and he himself sincerely repented of it.—Of his fallen creatures ! the God of Heaven does not require more."

AGUTTER'S Sermon on his Death.

Ye sons of calumny ! go, hide your head !

Away ! ye VAMPIRES that devour the dead. 80

In mem'ry let those holy hours be kept,
When by his couch of pain I watch'd, and wept ;
And heard his lips with faltering tone disclaim
The cymbal-tinkling praise of human fame.

The simplest truths, that else had quickly fled, 85

Are oracles, heard from a sick friend's bed :

How deeply then *his* precepts must I prize,

(Lov'd by the good and echo'd by the wife)

Who while he writh'd beneath disease's rod,

Still spake of Faith, * of Mercy, and of God. 90

* " I saw him in his last sufferings, I heard his last words,
he then prayed with uncommon fervour to his good God, even
to Jesus Christ, in whom all his hopes were placed."

AGUTTER'S Sermon.

O hither come, all ye ! whose smoky lamps
Burn dim and foul mid doubt's unwholesome damps ;
O hither come ! from me, the mourner, hear
What smiles a dying Christian's lips can wear,
When some kind Angel foothes the lab'ring breath,
And lifts th' emancipating wand of Death.

Then only not the friend of all mankind,
When to thyself a foe—farewell, GREAT MIND !
We wander tearful through this vale below,
But thou art gone where tears forget to flow ; 100
Where LOVE and JOY eternal vigils hold,
And scatter healing as their wings unfold ;
Where Souls their radiant course for ever run,
And move like Planets round the Almighty Sun.

If Friendship be a flower, whose am'ranth bloom 105
Endures that heavenly clime ; beyond the tomb

I, haply I (low scenes of earth, retreat !)
Am doom'd once more thy honor'd form to meet ;
Behold thee stand " girt in a starry zone"
Where Wisdom wells beneath th'Omniscient's throne ;
And thou to me with outstretch'd arm shalt bring
Nectar ebullient from that living spring.

SKETCHES
OF THE
LIFE AND CHARACTER
OF
JOHN HENDERSON.

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JOHN HENDERSON, the subject of the preceding Monody, was born at *Limeric*, but came to England at an early age with his parents: discovering from his infancy the presages of a great mind. Without retracing the steps of his progression, a general idea may be formed of them, from the circumstance of his having *professionally* TAUGHT GREEK and LATIN in a public Seminary at the age of twelve years.

Some time after, his Father (a man of a most expanded heart and enlightened understanding, every way worthy of his Son) commencing a Boarding-school in the neighbourhood of *Bristol*, young HENDERSON engaged with him to teach the Classics, which he did with much reputation; extending at the same time his own knowledge in the sciences and general literature to a degree that rendered him a prodigy of intelligence to all around him; and his abilities will appear the more eminent, when it is understood that the only regular source of improvement he possessed, was, books, and the energy of his own mind.

At the age of eighteen he had not only thoughtfully perused the popular English authors, but taken an extensive survey of foreign literature, as well as scrutinized with the minutest attention into the obsolete

lete writers of the two preceding centuries; preserving at the same time a distinguishing sense of their respective merits, particular sentiments, and characteristic traits; which on proper occasions he commented upon in a manner that astonished the learned listener, not more by his profound remarks than his cool and sententious eloquence. So surprisingly retentive was his memory, that he rendered likely and almost surpassed the hitherto incredible narrations of Creichton and Psalmanazor: whilst the ideas he had been so rapidly accumulating were not in his mind a tangled forest, or huge chaos, but were organized into systems, and laid out into fertile gardens. It was this quality which made him so superior a disputant: for as his mind had investigated the various systems and hypotheses of men, as promulgated in different ages, so had his almost intuitive discrimination stripped them of their deceptive appendages,

dages, and separated fallacy from truth ; marshalling their arguments so as to elucidate or detect each other : yet he never interrupted the most tedious or confused opponent, tho' from his pithy questions, he made it evident, that from the first, he had anticipated the train and consequences of their reasonings. His favourite studies were Mathematics, Astronomy, Theology, Chemistry, and Metaphysics ; and that his attainments were not superficial will be readily admitted by those who knew him best.—As a Linguist he was acquainted with the Persian, Arabic, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and Saxon languages ; together with the French, Spanish, Italian, and German ; and not only knew their ruling principles and predominant distinctions, so as to *read* them with facility, but in the greater part *conversed* fluently.

Like

Like SERVIN (as recorded by SULLY) he was of a disposition to *do* as well as to *know* all things, and consequently distinguished himself for his skill in many of the mechanic arts. Though not of the higher order of attainments, it may not be improper to mention his singular talent for IMITATION. He could not only assume the dialect of every nation in Europe, but the accent of particular districts so completely, that he might have passed for an inhabitant of either : and of the variations of the human voice in different individuals, his recollection was so acute, and the modulation of his voice so extended, that having once conversed with a person, he most accurately imitated his gestures and articulation for ever after.

He was also a warm advocate for the science of PHYSIOGNOMY, and discovered in his frequent decisions not an occasional develope-

developement of character, but a clear perception of the secondary, as well as predominant tendencies of the mind,

“Making his eye the inmate of each bosom.”

His conversation was such as might have been expected from a man whose fancy was so creative, whose knowledge omnifarious, and whose recollection so unbounded. He combined scholastic accuracy with unaffected ease; condensed and pointed, yet rich and perspicuous. Were it possible for his numerous friends by any energy of reminiscence to collect his discourse, JOHN HENDERSON would be distinguished as a voluminous author, who yet preserved a Spartan frugality of words.

In all companies he led the conversation :
yet, though he was perpetually encircled by
admirers,

admirers, his steady mind decreased not its charms, by a supercilious self-opinion of them : nor did he assume that as a *Right*, which the wishes of his friends rendered a *Duty* : he led the conversation ; for silence or diminished discourse would have been deservedly deemed vanity, as though he had desired to make his friends feel the value of his instructions from the temporary loss of them. But in no instance was his superiority oppressive : calm, attentive, and cheerful, he confuted more gracefully than others compliment : the tone of dogmatism and the smile of contempt were equally unknown to him. Sometimes indeed he raised himself stronger and more lofty in his eloquence, then chiefly, when fearful for his weaker brethren, he opposed the arrogance of the illiterate Deist, or the worse jargon of sensual and cold-blooded Atheism. The clouds of Ignorance, which enveloped their understandings, steamed up from the pollutions of their hearts :
he

he crouded his sails and bore down upon *them* with salutary violence.

But the qualities which most exalted JOHN HENDERSON in the estimation of his friends, were his high sense of honor, and the benevolence of his heart: not that honor which originates in a jealous love of the world's praise, nor that benevolence which delights only in publicity of well-doing. His honor was the anxious Delicacy of a Christian, who regarded his soul as a sacred Pledge, that must some time be re-delivered to the Almighty Lender: his benevolence a circle in which SELF indeed might be the center, but ALL THAT LIVES was the circumference.—This tribute of respect to thy name and virtues, my beloved HENDERSON! is paid by one, who was once proud to call thee TUTOR, who once enjoyed thy friendship,

them ship, and who will do honor to thy memory
til his spirit rests with thine.

By those who were unacquainted with JOHN HENDERSON's character, it may naturally be asked, "What test has he left to the world of the distinguished talents ascribed to him?"—None.—I am however happy in having it in my power to disclose a sentiment he cherished, which, whilst it teaches humility to the proud, explains the cause of that silence so generally regretted. Upon my expressing to him some concern at his not having benefited mankind by the result of his deep and varied investigations—he replied, "More men become writers
"from ignorance than from knowledge.—
"Many claims to originality must be pronounced null, unless the Authors can
"convict their forefathers of plagiarism.
"—Let us think slowly and write late."

Thus

Thus the vastness and variety of his acquirements, and the diffidence of his own mental maturity alike prevented him from illuminating mankind, till DEATH called him to graduate in a sphere more favourable to the range of his soaring and comprehensive mind.—He died at OXFORD in November, 1788, in the 32d year of his age; of which University for some years he had been the pride and ornament.

It would be wrong to close this brief account of JOHN HENDERSON without naming two other qualities with which he was eminently endowed; first, the ascendency he had acquired over his *temper*. There are moments in which, from a variety of causes, most persons are susceptible of a transient irritability; but the oldest of his friends never beheld him otherwise than calm and collected: it was a state of mind
he

he retained under *all* circumstances, * and which to his Pupils he never failed forcibly to inculcate, together with that unshaken firmness of mind which encounters the unavoidable misfortunes of this life without repining, and that from the noblest principle, from a conviction that they are regulated by Him who cannot err, and who in his severest allotments designs only our ultimate good; in a letter to one of them he expresses himself, “ See that you govern your Passions. What “ should grieve us but our infirmities? what “ make us angry but our own faults? a man “ who knows he is mortal, and that all the “ world

* As a Proof of his self command, the following circumstance may be adduced; during his residence at Oxford. A Student of a neighbouring College, proud of his logical acquirements, was solicitous of a private disputation with the renowned HENDERSON: some mutual friends introduced him; and having chosen his subject, they conversed for some time with equal candor and

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“ world will pass away, and by and by seem
“ only like a tale—a sinner who knows his
“ sufferings are all less than his sins, and de-
“ signed to break him from them—one who
“ knows that every thing in this world is a
“ seed that will have its fruit in Eternity—
“ that GOD is the best—the only good
“ Friend—that in him is all we want—that
“ every thing is ordered for the best—so
“ that it could not be better, however we
“ take it ; he who believes this in his heart
“ is happy. Such be you—may you always
“ farewell,

and moderation ; but HENDERSON'S Antagonist perceiving his confutation inevitable (forgetting the character of a Gentleman, and with a resentment engendered by his former arrogance) threw a full glass of wine *in his Face* : HENDERSON without altering his features or changing his position, gently wiped his face, and then coolly replied, “ This Sir is a *digression* : now for the Argument.” It is hardly necessary to add, the insult was repented by the Company's turning the aggressor out of the room.

“farewell,—be the friend of GOD! again
“farewell.”

The other quality referred to, was, the *simplicity* and *condescension* of his manners : from the gigantic stature of his mind, he was enabled to trample down his pigmy competitors ; and qualified to enforce his unquestioned superiority ; but his mind was SOFT, his manners UNASSUMING, and his bosom the receptacle of all the SOCIAL AFFECTIONS.

It is these virtues alone which can disarm Superiority of its terrors, and make the eye, which is raised in wonder, beam at the same moment with affection. There have been intellectual as well as civil despots, whose motto seems to have been, “Let them
“hate provided they fear.” Such men may
triumph

triumph in their tremendous pre-eminence ;
but they will never, as was JOHN HENDER-
SON, be followed by the Child, loved by
the Ignorant, yet emulated by the Wife.

THE AUTHOR.



FINIS.

ERRATA.

Preface, page 3, line 11, for *two* other pieces read *three*.

Page 41, line 11, for *houl'd* read *howl'd*.

Page 60, line 5, for *whom* read *who*.

ERRATA

Page 10, line 10, for two other places read three.
Page 11, line 10, for read read read.
Page 12, line 10, for read read read.

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